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Bard

OF DISTURBANCE

**the poem lives in the body
the word a parasite
immortal bacterium**

**survives its musculature survives its breath
the soft flesh that tenses when it loves
and laxes and releases
and this is all it says**

**it disturbs her to think how close she is
or they are or suddenly
she is only what a poem is,
an animal that says yes
as long as someone listens**

he said I will listen forever

**but what does that mean, is he time,
or is the time they share
the same as real time anywhere,
somewhere where there is no listening?**

but when she planted asphodels the earth remembered.

11 May 2013

= = = = =

**How could it last
this iron animal
I sent out to find you
chase you through the marshes**

**but you were Queen of Rust
and ruined it,
Queen of Atmosphere
and buried it in air,**

**but it was my only metal ever,
I come from a world just after
witches before the pale priests came**

**whispering their poisonous forgiveness
for what had never been sins,
I come from the time between.**

**11 May 2013
(towards Merlin)**

= = = = =

for Eliza

Everything says

says in us

we just have to listen

a quiet mind speaks everything

of course there is nothing to say--

if there were something to say we'd say it

but writing is something else

writing down what no one thinks

and no one says

but only this word knows

and then the next.

11 May 2013

= = = = =

**The eyes are skin
and what they take in
is touch, and that touch
goes deep as any
hand or breast
pressed against flesh.**

**Dante knew this
and blamed his eyes
for his desires,
shape of a maiden
they let sink
mortally in.**

12 May 2013 (waking)

= = = = =

**Then let it drift away
as the Grail does
from a morning dream
when you wake up
suddenly complete
in the empty light.**

12 May 2013

= = = = =

Footsteps from the library
down the marble treads
wet with brown leaves
though it's springtime now,
lilacs and such, and the rain.
These books I'll never read
or read again or wish
maybe I hadn't read,
the girl looks at me
puzzled by my empty hands.

12 May 2013

= = = = =

Everyday otherwise
diamond on the hand
who plucked you out
grit of time or
animal stream
broken statuary
graveyard clutter
sneak your bamboo
into paradise
and jury-rig airy
pavilions with
gauzy topsails
to soil the sun
and coax shadows
down to browse
along your skin.
Twilight in bikini
nobody knows our name.

12 May 2013

= = = = =

Yes the fruit tree is in flower
you can smell it from here
smell of a waltz maybe
smell of an idea going past,
eyes dry from lost sleep
nomatter how wet the river
claims to be. Sleep now
fall right through the music.
Octet. Numbers catch you
every time. Every clock
is kabbalah. Every lock
looking for its lost door.
Sleep now. There are open
spaces, holes in walls,
some lovers are resting
in the hayloft, dust
sifts down from their
inconsequential amours.
A dancer has I think no body
he has long ago given it away.

12 May 2013

= = = = =

How to get somewhere.

Rub the skies.

See again the cloud

trembling and the voice

supposing you again

to be there listening.

And you listen. It is always

always the day again

when you said yes.

12 May 2013

DOORS AND DOORWAYS

1.

the difference
the ship coming into port
not a ship a boat
big as it is,
iron rust and green
its colors Portuguese
anf full of fish

from what doorway
purchased,
the down door
the sea that needs no plowing
Homer reminds us
to be generous

things come through doors
but a door, a door
opens in our opens out

the difference
and who comes in
and who goes out.

2.

The fish
are another order of this enquiry
order of no questions,
question of where are they coming from

or we,
with our doors and fishing boats
we who presume to carve doors into things
and take the live cod out,
the hake.
The habit.

3.

But that's not me
I am famously

in another part of the forest
allergic to all this salt

and my magic is with leaves
and things you write on them

and let flutter down on sleeping lovers
that dream called reading,

sonnets of arrows passing overhead.

And down below a breath of ocean

the one we carry always in us.

4.

Busses bear us back to school

classrooms big as Massachusetts

Mississippi, we poor fish

jam-packed on the way to work.

5.

Green mamba of the lightning

god-claw of the Greenland wind

the world be small around us

and no door anywhere.

13 May 2013

= = = = =

**Green member of remember
the oak leaves come again—**

**so no more remembering,
everything all around you,**

**it just means you. Spring
is bad for the mind.**

13 May 2013